

## OUR ANIMAL DEPARTMENT.

By Roy L. McCardell.



NO matter how the dispute between the Haines and anti-Haines factions in the S. P. C. A. comes out to-day we shall continue to keep our own Animal Department open for business, advice, complaints and contributions every other day, if we feel like it. So many anxious persons write us asking when the Animal Department will close that we insistently repeat: It will be open every other day if we feel like it. One correspondent asks us if we do not think our Animal Department is going to the dogs. We answer that it is. It is going to the horses and the cats and the canaries as well—going to all our animal friends and to all our friends who are animals.

Editor Animal Department:

A friend of mine recently returning from Paris informs me that while in that city she met King Leopold, and asked him if he had raised Belgian hares long. He said he had raised Belgian hares since he stopped being a beardless boy.

L. HARRISON.

Editor Animal Department:

Those interested in nature study and all lovers of our animal friends will be glad to know that they can have a splendid opportunity to study the habits of night-hawks if they will loiter carelessly near the cab-stand on Long Acre Square any evening after dark. It will surprise many to know that night-hawks can be taught to swear.

J. GREEN.

Editor Animal Department:

You state that the Animal Department will be open every other day if you feel like it. Do you mean to-morrow and yesterday? I have bought The Evening World every other day, but have missed it.

OCCASIONAL READER.

Answer: Look in this space every other day.

Editor Animal Department:

1. Where can I get a tame Welsh rabbit? I have a muff and a stole of coney fur. 2. Do coney come from Coney Island?

ANXIOUS.

Answer: 1. Welsh rabbits cannot be tamed. 2. Consult Wood's Natural History—back to the Woods, as it were.

Editor Animal Department:

You would be surprised to learn how many people look for the Animal Department every other day. I hear hundreds say they "can't see it at all!" Personally I am so interested in animal study that I have my study full of animals. Stuffed foxes, stuffed squirrels, and we often have stuffed pig for dinner. What I say about my animal study is correct. If you will visit me you will see a tiger hide behind the door. P. S.—Is a hyphen a bird or an animal?

H. SCHWAB.

Answer to P. S.: A hyphen is the missing link.

Editor Animal Department:

I love to read the Animal Department, but am in the dark as to its purpose. Shall I go to the Zoo and get some light on the subject from the tapir? Or do you think the seal would give me better impressions?

B. B. H., Harlem.

Answer: Ask any duck you meet.

Editor Animal Department:

Did Andy Hamilton bring the "Yellow Dog" back from Europe with him? Is it cruelty to animals to kick a clothes-horse in the slats?

AN ANIMAL FRIEND.

## The Girl from Kansas.

By Alice Rohe.



"Isn't a foregone conclusion," said the girl from Kansas, "that every lady who writes on Waldorf Astoria stationery lives at the hyphenated wayside inn any more than that every girl who wears an automobile veil owns a gasoline buggy."

"I used to wonder why Cora Carson always made a bee line for the Turkish room of the Waldorf, but since I've been getting all kinds of 'You-ain't-so-sweet-as-Cora' reminders from 'Bleeding Kansas' I've begun to get next to Cora's little game."

"Abe Hinkler and his bride—who was Jennie Mary Petty—are here on a wedding tour."

"Abe was just on seeing the St. Regis, and just because Jennie Mary and I used to go to school together when we were six years old he delegated me

as an entertainment committee. If there's anything grates on the nerves of a near New Yorker it's this conducting the friends of your childhood around all these swell bungalows. Abe and Jennie Mary had the time of their lives, but oh Cora and I nearly died of mortification. What do you think Abe did us over the hotel? Give him a tip? Say, you don't know Abe. He just held out his hand, and of course Buttons thought something like a two-spot was coming. Abe gave him the false alarm. He just shook it off of him. When he got through with that he said: 'Thank you, old man. Here's my card. I'm head of the Waldorf-Astoria Dainty Diner Company. Any time you're out west look me up and I'll be only too glad to show you around.'

"Oh, it was awful! I never will dare to show my face at the St. Regis again. 'What are you smiling at?' I guess Charlie Fourflush has promised to take us there to lunch some day. Why, Abe's actions were nearly as humiliating as Jennie Mary's screaming out at the Hotel Astor, where Oscar Hawkins invited us to dinner. Oscar asked us if we'd like wine, and Jennie Mary and Abe said 'Yes' so quick you could hear their teeth strike. When it came Jennie Mary fairly shrieked: 'Why, Abe, look! It's champagne!'

## HEART and HOME PAGE for WOMEN

Edited by Nixola Greeley Smith

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE BEATEN.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

WHENEVER I see my husband coming up the road at 8 of a cold winter's morning, with his overcoat dangling on his arm," said a suburban wife complacently the other day, "I know exactly what's happened, and I don't feel the least inclination to scold. If he can talk when he comes in he says: 'Now, dear, don't fuss. And I answer: 'Oh, no. Did you have a good time?' And that's all till the next day, when he has slept it off and tells me how sorry he is."

This is the philosophy of beaten wives. Not the kind we see in the police courts, with bandaged foreheads and discolored eyes, but of those who have suffered more permanent injuries by having all their fine principles and prejudices and illusions shattered on the rock of masculine selfishness.

The particular bride who thus formulated her working principle of matrimony asked me what I thought of it, and I answered: "Well, it's good sense and good policy, but it doesn't seem to me to be love."

There is no spectacle in the world more pitiful than a woman thoroughly resigned, calloused to a man's bad treatment. So long as she rebels, so long as she rails, so long as she can make her utterly miserable, we need not despair of her. But when she succumbs, we can only mutter to ourselves that wonderful "Prayer of Women," that has lately been revealed to us as the work of a man and a critic:

"Ah, hour of the hours,  
When seeing, he seeth all the bitter ruin and wreck of us.  
All save the heart that forsooth for pity,  
All save the living brain that condemneth him—  
All save the soul that he shall never see  
Till he be one with it and equal;  
He who hath the bride, but guideth not;  
He who hath the whip, yet is driven;  
He who as a shepherd calleth upon us,  
But is himself a lost sheep, crying among the hills."

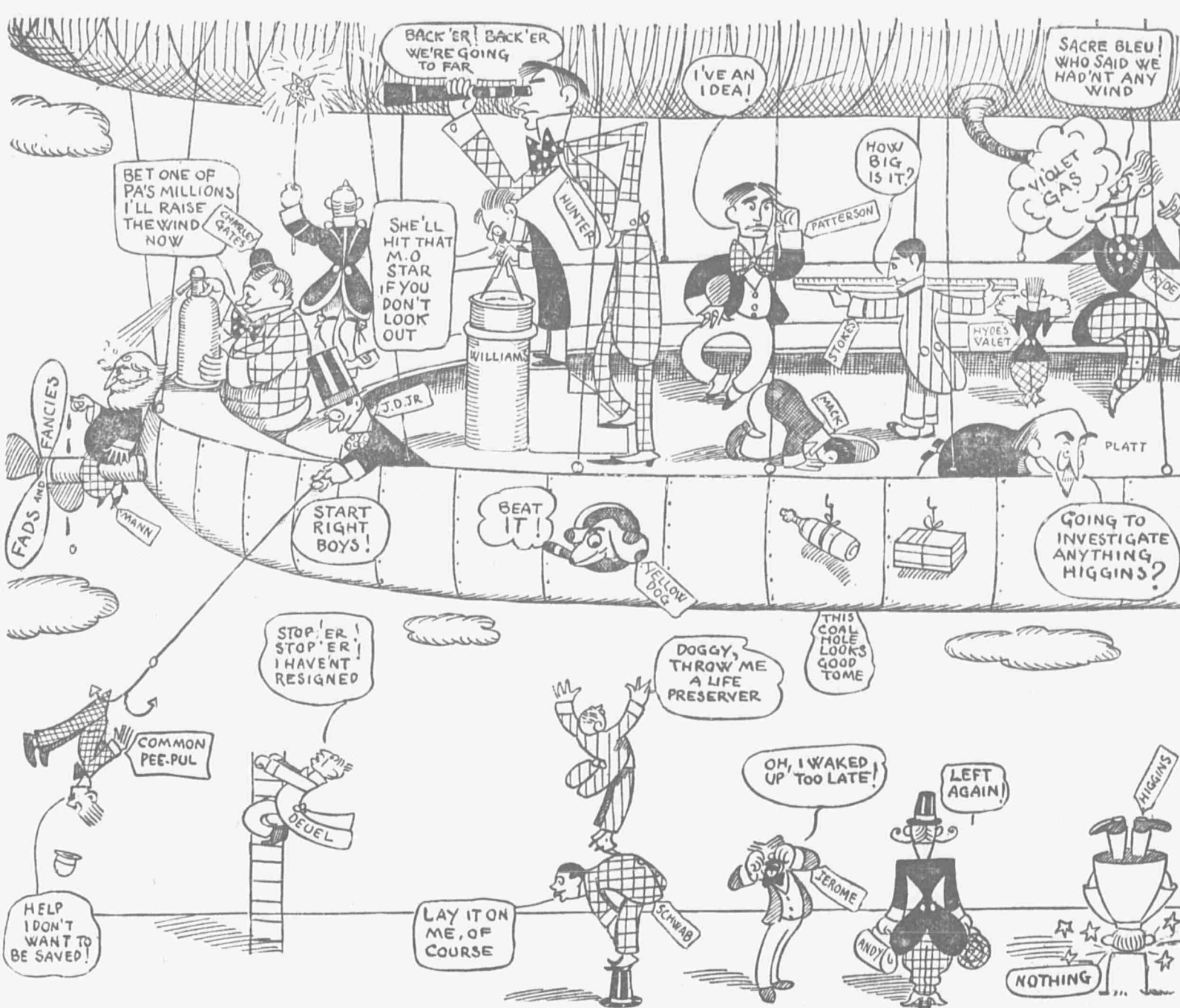
Love, of course, is not a normal feeling. Fortunately for us, in its intense and more uncomfortable forms it is rather a rare one. But when I see a woman whose own love is the lash of a slavery she despises fawning upon the hand of a man momentarily kind or shrinking from his anger, living a life of lies and tears and tremors, that his selfishness may grow and flourish day by day, I am tempted to wish it rather than it is.

This is a long and rather highfalutin distance to have wandered from a commonplace text of the right way to resolve a drunken husband. To the making of the way the "manages" her husband, of the lies and humiliating cajoleries that she seems to think are part of her role. I wonder how they can find it worth while, and also why men are not more selfish and callous and cruelly indifferent than they are.

## SENATE OF THE SOCIALISTS

A Circle for Millionaires' Sons--And Others.

By Maurice Ketten.



The Circle Takes an Elevating-the-Common-Pee-Pul Trip on an Airship.

## THE LOG OF NOAH'S ARK

Devised and Illustrated By Walt McDougall

(Copyright by Walt McDougall.)



## NO 12—MRS. NOAH FEEDS THE ELEPHANT ON TACT.

... This Log Was Kept by Noah's Third Son, JAPHET, and Is Here Turned Into Vernacular by ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE. ...

March 9th, 2248 B. C.

T-O-DAY the Elephant once more

Butted right through our parlor door, Remarking: "You're well fixed in here; I don't mind if I stay all year."

Pa shouted loud with wrathful vim:

"Hey, boys! Let's Minor Morris him."

But Ma cut in, with accents firm:

"Deal gently with the pachyderm! If he gets mad he'll smash you flatter'n a pancake of the Teuton pattern."

In handling elephants one should act

(As with mere men) by using tact."

She made the Elephant at home

And gave him strands of wool to comb And had him hold her knitting yarn,

And gave him Father's socks to darn, And made him fan away the flies;

Till pretty soon, to his surprise,

He found life with our families

Not all it was cracked up to be. He groaned: "Thank heav'n I'm not a human! Earth's toughest taskmaster is Woman! She'll find more work for men to do Than e'en an Elephant could get through. Me for the Hold! And there I'll stay! For though it's dark and shy on hay, I'll find no woman there, at least."

Pa murmured softly: "Lucky beast!"

(For further details see Monday's Evening World, this page.)

## BETTY'S BALM FOR LOVERS.

She Loves Her Junior.

Dear Betty:

AM a young lady aged twenty-seven, of good looks, and have for the past six months been keeping company with a young man nearly three years my junior. Do you think that his being three years younger than me constitutes any objection to us getting married? We both love each other very dearly.

MARY.

The young man is old enough to know

his own mind—that is, as much as a man over knows it. The difference in age is too slight to mention.

Shall She Be Loving?

Dear Betty:

AM a girl about eighteen and love a young man about nineteen, and am fairly in love with him, and he loves me. He writes me a great many letters. But whenever he sees me he acts odd. Would you advise me to act the same to him or to act very loving.

AL.

By all means act very coolly, if the

matter is optional with you. He is a

very strange lover and directly opposite

to the usual man.

The Good-Night Kiss.

Dear Betty:

AM a young lady twenty-one years old and have been keeping company with a young man the same age for two years. I love him dearly, and he loves me as much. Do you think it is improper for him to kiss me good-night after he has been to see me?

MARGARET.

The matter rests entirely with you and

the young man. Your friends are all

myself do not think it is absolutely wrong, but some of my friends do.

But whenever he sees me he acts odd. Would you advise me to act the same to him or to act very loving.

AL.

## HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

## A Remedy for Freckles.

C.

D.—Here is an excellent cure for freckles, but this, like all other remedies, must be persevered in. It is a freckle pomade.

The formula is as follows: 1 dram, oil of almonds; 1 dram, oil of roses; 1 dram, oil of cedar; 15 drops, oil of rose geranium, fifteen drops. The dry substances must be finely powdered and sifted through milk boiling cloth; mix the oils together and add them gradually to the powder, tossing it up with an ivory or wooden spoon. Shut tight in jar or bottle for two or three days; then sift again, after which it is ready for use.

Tender Feet.

M.

ABEL.—In regard to your feet you should not be troubled, unless you are wearing the wrong kind of shoe. The soft corn can be removed by applying the following: Salicylic acid, 1 dram; cocaine, 5 grains; collodion, 1-2 ounce. Paint over the corn or bunion twice a day and scrape away the superficial growth at the end of three or four days.

Good Face Powder.

C.

R.—Use the complexion brush daily and one of the simplest of rice powders until the pores of your skin are clean again and have begun to close up. Here is a pink powder, but I should not advise your using it until your complexion is cleared. Corn starch

or rice powder, four ounces; oxide of zinc, one ounce; drop chalk, two ounces; white clay (kaolin), two ounces; orris root, two ounces; white French chalk, one ounce; carmine, fifteen grains; oil of lavender, thirty drops; oil of clove, thirty drops; oil of cedar, fifteen drops; oil of rose geranium, fifteen drops. The dry substances must be finely powdered and sifted through milk boiling cloth; mix the oils together and add them gradually to the powder, tossing it up with an ivory or wooden spoon. Shut tight in jar or bottle for two or three days; then sift again, after which it is ready for use.

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## In and Out of the Theatres.

MISS CATHERINE LEWIS, who, at the Carnegie Lyceum yesterday afternoon, began a series of interesting Old Testament "miracle plays," by way of Lenten diversion, taken this view of the case:

"It is positively extraordinary how few seem to know anything about the stories of the Testament. Several members of my company and business associates who have seen the rehearsals, becoming interested, have gone home and read, perhaps for the first time since they were children, and, as I know for a fact in one case for the first time in their lives. If, through enjoyment of my series, I can cause such an effect I shall feel repaid for my weeks of work and worry. I hope they will affect many in such a manner. It is only through their interest and charm, however, that it can be done."

ROBERT B. MANTELL has been telling his New York troubles to Chicago. The story, which is worth repeating, dates back to last season:

"The stage of the Princess is very small, and my scenery did not fit it at all. They folded it in four feet on either side, and from the curtain to the back wall there was a depth of only twenty feet in most places, though it ran to twenty-seven feet in one quarter-of-a-pound-of-cheese indentation. But before they put up the scenery the fireproofing had been busy. And when they got through my scenery looked from the front like nothing half so much as a quantity of mildewed black and dark green canvas."

"I add to the joys of the occasion, my working staff accepted their entire lot in Broadway society as an excellent opportunity to go bowling with highballs, and their consequent attitude of disinterestedness was readily shared by the working force of the theatre, while my leading man, suffering from an illness that next day took him to the hospital, from which he has not yet emerged, was utterly unprepared to play his part."

"However, I kept my temper, which saved me. The spirits of my worthy immortal ancestors seemed to gather round me and bid me keep cool. When I made my entrance and began with the 'Now is the winter of our discontent' made glorious summer by this son of York, and so forth, 'his'no's, at every third or fourth line some one of the stage force, working back of the drop in front of which I stood, would bump into me, and all but throw me into the footlights. But I kept my temper. I have often wondered since how ever we got through, but we did, and next morning many of the reviewers were very kind and said many nice things about us."

HERE'S another story from Chicago that has a local interest: Dainty Edna Wallace Hopper has quite recovered from her long illness. She was always the prettiest of De Wolf Hopper's quartet of wives. She indulged herself in the latest fashionable fad the other evening, and it made quite a sensation among the guests of the Annex. After she had finished her dinner

Mrs. Hopper opened her exquisite "vanity bag" and extracted a minute powder puff and calmly proceeded to powder her nose while gazing into the mirror inside the golden trifle. There was lots of rubbering at the other tables, but Mrs. Hopper was apparently oblivious of every one in the dining-room except herself.

Edna Wallace has forsaken musical comedy for melodrama. She is playing the ingenue in "The Heart of Maryland." "Yes," she said, "I have gone back to the real thing. I ought never to have given it up, but that was one of the many mistakes my marriage made me commit."

A while ago De Wolf Hopper was discussing his former wife and he said: "Yes, Edna is all right on the stage, but she is a— in a flat."

GERM-K-GERM, as the hotel clerk pronounced it, is coming back to help us celebrate St. Patrick's Day. Mr. Jerome, with the aid of Charles Battell Loomis, will provide a feast of humor at Mandelstam Hall on the evening of green ribbon day. His part of the "feast" will be a rehash of what he served without afternoon tea at the Empire Theatre some months ago.

THERE'S nothing like dressing a part. James J. Corbett, who is appearing in "A Thief of the Night" at Proctor's Fifty-eighth Street Theatre, claims a new title, "The Fashion Plate of Vaudeville." He is defending it with fourteen suits of clothes, and he declares, from bitter experience, that they are much more stylish than Shaw.

SPRING styles of another nature will be exhibited at the Knickerbocker Theatre, beginning Monday night, when Fritz Schell is to trot out the latest bonnets from Paris and London as a special feature of "Mlle. Modiste." Oh, drumsticks!

"THE Kitties" Gordon Highlanders Band will come to the Colonial Theatre next week. This will be the first New York appearance of the celebrated Scottish band since its return from abroad and its first engagement in the varieties. "The Kitties" include several native dancers, singers and bagpipers. This is the same organization that was heard several seasons ago at the Madison Square Garden.

JOE WEBER will give another special matinee of "Twisted Twaddle" and "The Squaw Man's Girl of the Golden West" on Tuesday afternoon. This performance will be complimentary to Miss Maude Adams and Miss Elsie Jans and the members of the "Peter Pan" and "The Vanderbilt Cup" companies.

A CORRESPONDENT who sympathizes with the crushed critics winds up a communication by asking "Hearst Manager Brady gone too far?" That depends entirely upon the point of view. He has gone to West Baden, Ind., to take the baths. CHARLES DARTNELL.

## HINTS FOR THE HOME.

## Maple Filling for Cake.

BEAT the whites of two eggs to a froth; 1 gill of water and 1-2 pound of maple sugar powdered fine, 1 teaspoonful of vanilla, or lemon if preferred. Boil the sugar and water until it drops from the spoon in threads. Stir the whites of the eggs into the boiling syrup, beating quickly all the time. When cold and thick, add the vanilla.

## Bearnaise Smelts.

DELICIOUS breakfast or luncheon dish. Smelts, Bearnaise. Twelve large or eighteen medium-sized smelts will be sufficient. Split them down the backs, remove the backbones, rub with one tablespoonful of oil and season with one-half pinch of salt and a dash of pepper. Put them into a double broiler and broil for two minutes, turning them from side to side.

Pour a gill of Bearnaise sauce into a dish, arrange the smelts carefully on top, garnish slightly with demi-glace, sauce and serve.

A Spicy Dish.

SPICED oysters should be made the day before they are required. Place a hundred with their strained liquor into an earthenware jar, add half a nutmeg grated, eighteen cloves, four blades of mace, a teaspoonful of allspice, a dash of cayenne pepper, one teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoonsful of strong vinegar. Stir all these together with a wooden spoon. Place over a moderately slow fire, removing the pan often to stir thoroughly; when they come to a boil pour into a pan and set away for twenty-four hours to cool and ripen.

## May Manton's Daily Fashions.

## THE becoming



Breakfast Jacket—Pattern No. 5,301.

How to Obtain These Patterns. Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD, 21 West Twenty-third Street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and specify size wanted.